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EULOGY.

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James A. Powell

A

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

JAMES A. POWELL:

BY

A. GERALD HULL.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST OF THE

DELPHIAN INSTITUTE, AT UNION COLLEGE,

JULY 23d, 1829.

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TO

THE MOTHER OF JAMES,

MRS. MARY LUDLOW POWELL,

OF NEWBURGH,

THIS HEARTFELT TRIBUTE

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

CLASS AND ROOM MATE.

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EULOGY.

ASSOCIATES OF THE DELPHIAN INSTITUTE !

To mourn is to feel a chasm in society made by the hand of Death ; to dwell upon the peculiar history of a departed friend, and to cherish mixed sentiments of pleasure and regret awakened by his decease.

The melancholy task assigned me by your too partial kindness must have been declined, had I not been assured that the deep respect entertained by you

for the memory of our departed Fellow, connected as it must forever be with the harrowing incident that terminated his career, will inspire your bosoms with such engrossing emotions, that the absence of an orator's energy and imagery will not on this occasion be felt.

In consideration, also, of the particular intimacy and friendly intercourse that existed between our deceased friend and myself, I felt it incumbent on me to make an effort at eulogium which might tend to awaken anew the remembrance of the many virtues of your beloved Powell; his exalted promise, his charming, unpretending worth, and all those traits of his excellent social character which endeared him to us whilst living, and now embalm his memory in the hearts of all who knew him.

It can indeed fall to the lot of very few students to leave their Alma Mater with such undivided

admiration as was possessed by him. His suavity of manners, his sanguine temperament and his lively perceptions, united to his singularly scrupulous sense of personal dignity, made him at once master of our hearts and a companion of our most convivial hours.

Writers on moral science have, in treating of the social qualities of man, spoken of friendships as mere modifications of self-love; and in the ordinary maxims of human intercourse we find nearly the same doctrines advanced. *Gratitude*, it is said, awakens a friendship that too often belongs to parasites, and that even in better breasts it never outlives the reverse of benefits; that *admiration* always loses its lustre on the near approach of its object; and, unless arch hypocrisy interfere to prevent such a result, that we constantly find the warmest admirers becoming the coolest friends.

But who hath impugned the attachments that originate spontaneously in the heart of youth! Who can revile the exuberance of youthful, unalloyed friendship, that knows no self separate from a common happiness, and asks for no beneficence to engender it, no admiration to sustain, nor needs hypocrisy to prolong its existence!

True, the world has its sneer at the evanescence of college attachments; and even the feeling Cowper sings:

> "The most disinterested and virtuous minds
> In early years connected, Time unbinds."

But let us inquire if it be time or avarice, situation or ambition, that unbinds the bonds of youthful friendship? Our query carries its own answer. Time but adds a hallowed charm to this best of all human feelings. Time links with the

memory of our youthful companions all the golden glories of this world; our studies, our dreams of greatness, our domestic sports and joys, and all that is the foundation of poesy and song, of melody and delight in other and shadowed years!

"Visions of childhood! adieu, adieu!
Ye are fled, yet still I may remember you;
And the lingering light of your holy rays
Shall brighten the gloom of my anxious days!
Oh! there are flowers in life's opening spring,
That would shame the hues of a Peri's wing;
And brighter than rainbow of promise gleams,
Are the shapes that float in life's morning dreams."

Of whom doth age converse; of whom doth the statesman, the proud scholar prate, when

"His big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound?"

Of the friends of his school and college days. Their portraits, moral and physical, are now fresh and beautiful and beaming with youthfulness before his aged vision; his memory loses idly all incidents of empire and war, to seize with the greater avidity and retain with the firmer tenacity those earliest and brightest charms of his soul!

Neither can *situation*, however distant, however new or strange, make oblivious the memory of young friendship. From distant climes, however enchanting, from posts of honor, however brilliant or elevated, men turn their eyes, ever with increasing delight, back through the vista of intermediate clouds upon that landscape of perennial verdure and joy — the school, the home of youth!

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee."

But, that strong ruling passions may step between the subjects of them, and all other objects and feelings, separating them from their duty, their happiness, and all else they may have held dear, has been one of the trite maxims of human experience in all ages and among all people.

There are in this world demons that fail not to enter the abodes of affection, and that too often, alas! too often, sever the most sacred bonds of humanity. What boots it to the friend, if he have been the object of the most endearing attachment and solicitude, after avarice, ambition, or dissipation takes possession of his soul? His ear is deafened, and all the soft and enriching sympathies of his bosom are withered; he knows no friend; his eye is sicklied o'er with his passion's baneful poison!

On entering the world, and assuming an independent existence, youth is totally engaged with the pros-

pect lying before him ; he has been told his journey is to lead him through scorching deserts, and broad shadowed forests, along bewitching vales and o'er enchanted hills—that his way is beset by sickness, poverty and death, even in those bowers whence health, affluence and long life shall be smiling on him.

He starts forward with a new sentiment of himself ; his all depends on success ; and he soon begins to discard every subject from his thoughts that does not stand in some way connected with the attainment of his ideal future. Should he then meet, in some distant winding of his progress, a loved friend of the first epoch of his history, whose career came in collision with his own, which impulse of his heart would obtain the mastery, affection or ambition—philanthropy or egotism ? But though the latter be too often triumphant, though men, too frequently, not only forget the brightest pictures of memory, in the eager pursuits of avarice and aggrandizement, yet

even the worst of misers, or the most conquering among heroes, can not—*dare* not, assail the immaculate purity of youthful friendship.

But our beloved Powell closed his career with the termination of his first era;—he is beyond the reach of this world's blandishments and treacheries; no abyss yawns to swallow his sainted virtues; he can never forget to love the friends of his youth; nor can the companions of his vernal pilgrimage ever forget him; he dwells where rivalry and selfishness cannot follow him.

In our after years, when far other scenes, and possibly other climes, other joys and sorrows, other hopes and fortunes than those we have hitherto entertained, shall occupy our attention, his image will oft recur in our memories, fraught with all the magic charms of a friendship unspotted by selfishness and unbroken by discordant envy.

The personal history of one whose short career was almost totally confined to the home of infancy and the schools of youth, cannot be otherwise than scanty in detail. Extraordinary relations in a domestic point of view, combined with extraordinary circumstances, may afford events in the early history of individuals worthy of minute record; and we very often meet with thrilling incident and unwonted precocity in the very first pages of those biographies whose subjects were born at the commencement of an epoch in their national history.

Those master spirits have often been celebrated in very early life, the annals of whose firesides have been transformed by the magic of chivalry, the fury of war, or the ferocity of revolutions.

But in our happy land, no devastating fiend hath swept o'er her fair bosom with destructive train within the memory of him we mourn; his young spirit was

not agitated by the madness and horrors of civil war; Peace and Liberty, Religion and Science, had, for many years before his birth, made our favored country their Elysian abode.

Although in the biography of our friend we have no record of a life checkered by martial exploit, or extraordinary circumstance, yet we can with propriety dwell a few moments on his social virtues, marked as they were by unusually chaste and refined sentiment, on his peculiar taste for the fine arts, and the dignity and decision of character which would have nobly honored a more matured and ripened manhood.

James Augustus Powell, the third and youngest son of Thomas Powell, Esq., was born in the village of Newburgh, on the 22d of October, 1808. He pursued the customary branches of preparatory education at the Academy in that village. At the age of fifteen he was sent to a military school, under the care of the

celebrated Captain Partridge, where he continued until his entrance at Union College in the freshman class of 1824.

At the military school his excellent character may have received the noble "form and pressure" which was eminently shown forth in his demeanor when we first knew him, and which it retained until the hour of his death. By nature generous and sensitive, he was there enabled to be so without effeminacy; and there he may have learned to temper his broad frankness with a nice sense of personal dignity. At that, and the preceding school, he certainly acquired a great sufficiency of elementary literature to enable him to enter college with perfect ease.

We all have possessed anxious feelings, precursory of success or failure, as we hesitatingly approached to meet that undefined and undefinable crisis called admissional examination. We can remember how

very slight the well-earned attainments seemed to us then, and how slender were our apparent claims to a favorable decision from that first tribunal of our literary destiny.

And we all, after receiving the happy award for collegiate enrolment, can recall the sentiments of a new period of mental existence, a season in which reason subserves the operations of fertile and imaginative fancy; a season of high hopes and reveries: we have thought the time close at hand, when the debates of our society and the declamations of the chapel might be changed for the deep discussions of the nation's Senate, or the defence of injured, oppressed innocence; or, perhaps those bright visions have given place, in some of your minds, to those holier and more exalted pictures of human elocution that pertain to the birth and nurture of faith divine in the heart of man, of hope immortal, of sleepless, godlike Charity.

I have said that we were the subjects of varied feeling, and thus would I speak of Powell at that juncture. He expected; he feared; and he too dreamed of a Future.

Our expectations may be realized: his, alas! can never be. We may triumph at the bar of mortality, may ascend the envied acclivities of science and virtue, of patriotism and piety; but *he* has departed this busy arena; *his* wordly dreams are sealed in *eternal* silence!

It was at that period in his history, that our acquaintance with Powell commenced. How soon we felt the winning influence of his admirable deportment, how quickly we recognized in him the noblest attributes of humanity, can be remembered with deep and engrossing emotion on this occasion, but can never be expressed; it was the lightning of the soul,

whose pathway, vividly visible, is ever buried in inscrutable mystery.

To see him, was to respect him; to know his voice, was to love him; but, to acquire his friendship, was to see, from hour to hour, the germination of prospective goodness and greatness; to feel the pure presence of one who was destined to diminish the miseries and adorn the brightest annals of his species.

Here, in the course of our scanty details, we enter upon that bright and happy term of his and our existence,—his college life: in looking back on the scenes of those blissful days, we behold in every private walk, in every clustering promenade, and in every convivial hour of poetic and of classic inspiration, the affectionate, the modest, and steadfastly courteous image of our lamented Powell.

His disposition, the very ideal of human purity, fitted him in a peculiarly happy manner for the duties growing out of the relationship of pupil and fellow-student, as also for the kindliest and most beneficent offices of youthful magnanimity. Towards his fellow-students his conduct was ever irreproachable.

His hours of study were diligently and often severely occupied, and his attention and respect for the instructions of the Faculty of the college were at all times profound and humble. In an especial degree did he imbibe the practically useful, the exalted maxims, of that illustrious scholar* whom we so much love and revere.

You all can testify, with me, how firm and unvarying was his regard for the dictates of honor and truth. You know, too, with how much readiness and un-

* Rev. Dr. Nott, of Union College.

feigned sincerity he recognized an apology, however delicately made, for an offence toward him; but also, how marked was his discrimination between the sycophant and the honorable student.

His heart, independently of education and principle, his open, sympathetic heart, was ever awake to the distresses of his fellow-beings: the cup of a friend's bitterness was ever watered with his tears; and his alleviations, where Providence pointed him to pecuniary misery, were always ample, but without ostentatious prodigality. No selfish thought could dwell in such a soul. His generosity, like his most liberal and elevated sentiments, had no name in his own reflections; he dreamed not of their pure and holy merit.

Charity, when it really enters into the moral structure of human beings, brings it back nearest the sacred image in which it was primarily formed; and

the slightest exhibitions of its influence as an element in the composition of exalted individuals have been recorded on the page of universal history, and handed down from age to age, for the just admiration of all posterity.

Powell possessed genuine charity. It so happened that I once saw him in the act of giving a worthy object of such benefactions the coat from his own person. Nor were such instances of benevolence rare in his history: he literally clothed the poor from his own wardrobe; and that without any consciousness of doing any thing more than a simple act of duty.

Intimately connected with Powell's social excellence, was his intellectual sensibility—his love of the fine arts, his passion for the beautiful, whether in nature, in music, poetry, sculpture, painting, or belles-lettres. He joined to his delicious associations on these subjects a preordinate love of his country—a

youthful patriotism that looked on the past with glowing pride, and embodied the future in the richest revellings of fancy.

His sentiment of his country's grandeur was not confined to this republic—he embraced the whole of our great continent. The picture was of the frozen north, as well as of the genial south: it exhibited at one swelling "coup d'œil," the majestic Rocky Mountains, rich with the mysterious invitations of nature to her votaries, and the alluvial, the happy and fertilized plains, teeming with exuberant bliss; the bold and solitary Aborigines, with their simple maxims of life, their romantic mythology, and the enlightened and free millions of adopted Americans, with their more complex, but not less admirable institutions; and the cataracts, rivers, lakes, towering, eternal snows, and the endless legendary coasts that bind and divide the two mighty oceans.

He was wont to speak of the prospective moral splendor of the "New World," whilst he dwelt with so much fervor on its physical perspective; and he would tell of a land that should combine Spartan severity and Athenian refinement, oriental luxury and occidental simplicity; yet his "amor patriæ" made him no bigot, either in politics or literature; in every government he could see some institutions to approve, in every land some virtues and some beauties to admire.

I may here be permitted to relate an occurrence, which, although trivial in itself, may nevertheless serve in some measure to illustrate this department of his character.

Chance threw Powell and myself together at Vanderlyn's Rotunda in New York, one day within the same hour, for the simultaneous purpose of viewing the famous panorama of Mexico. The painting

embraced a distant, but distinct view of the Mexican mountains, which have been so celebrated by the researches of the philosopher Humboldt, and had already furnished inspiration for renowned minstrelsy in this country, as well as in Europe. Within the area arose the golden palaces of the Mexican capital, with an accuracy of proportion, and with exquisite tints of coloring, that proclaimed them formed by the magic pencillings of a master.

Powell made a few occasional complimentary remarks on this painting, at the time. But it was in our room, however, for several weeks afterward, that he recurred to the subject with an intensity of feeling that evinced the firm tenure which a superior specimen of the fine arts could attain in his reflections. He could not forget the splendid prospect of mountain scenery, which was

"Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak."

His intellectual faculties could not pass a listless gaze on images so closely allied to history and philosophy—so pregnant with lofty patriotism and immortal song.

Powell had also a passion for the beautiful in a still more exalted sense. He loved *moral* beauty. He mourned its absence; he sighed for its culture in a national, in a universal, as well as in an individual point of view.

Many of you heard his excellent discourse on the "Drama," at his graduation;* and with perfect readiness you can recall to memory the peculiar suggestions of his thoughts, the strong and pathetic manner in which he descanted on the numerous evils and effective moral influences of the theatre.

* Commencement at Union College, July 23d, 1828.

Oh, how admirable, how engrossing was his attachment to the cause of virtue! To promote *its* advancement, to enlarge the sources of human felicity, moral inferences were freely drawn from the daily scenes of this life and the prolific page of history.

The theatre appeared to him as one of the most powerful of moral agents; he regarded it as capable of "ruling in hell, or serving in heaven;" and he deduced his arguments from the data of all history, with a heart-felt energy, that abundantly evinced the pure character of his associations respecting his subject, however impracticable his wishes may have been.

Soon after commencement, Powell destroyed his beautiful and talented production; and hence we are deprived of the melancholy pleasure of feasting our memories on some of its richest attractions; but

enough can this day be remembered to remind us how deeply he enjoyed the majesty and sublimity of the patriotic Sophocles, the tenderness and pathos of the divine Euripides.

He attributed the ancient characteristics of the since ill-starred Hellenists—their candor, their truth, their temperance, and their nobleness of soul, their high and impassioned tone of feeling—in no mean measure to the dramatic exertions of these their great master spirits.

But when he came down to the modern theatres, especially the late English, French, and American, he scrupled not to denounce the whole machinery as demoralizing in the last degree; as calculated to cover doubtful virtues with unmerited eclat, and to confound specious crimes of the basest origin with the noblest patriotism and the highest philanthropy; and as in every way favoring the progress

of enervation and corruption, so glaringly as to merit the blasting inscription on each of their entablatures, and to which appalling capitals the attention of youth should be directed before they enter their fatal walls—

"THIS IS THE ROAD TO DEATH!"

His production ON THE THEATRE proved to be, by an untimely casualty, the only public exhibition of those natural endowments which ever spread a lustrous charm o'er his powers of conversation, whether exhibited in the circle of his domestic affections, or in the coteries of his college companions.

The moment of Powell's graduation, presents his image to our mental vision in the most forcible light which could be thrown upon it. We see him placing his advancing foot upon the threshold of the manly epoch. Hope is making the alarm for admission at the gate of the real, separate, the actually independent life: the fruit

is parting from the tree to strike root for itself. On that image pours a flood of holy rays from above: the future, though all nebulous and indistinct of outline, is not dark; its uncertain peaks are burnished by the strength of the rising sun, and its valleys are only too distant to disclose their myriads of charms. The past is a narrow strip of well-cultivated landscape, bounded behind by the unscaled dark wall which stretches from earth to the heavens. The face, radiant with infinite elements of action, looks only forward.

Thus stood our dear and noble companion, the last time we looked on him; and there, even at the threshold of the life of a man, must he forever stand in our memory; for that, his first movement, was also his last in this mortal arena!

Then, his natal star burst forth with meteoric speed and brilliancy from the distant darkness of

misty boyhood, and shone with gladdening charms, with sure promise, on the delighted gaze of his parents, his kindred, associates and friends. For a moment we saw it; for a moment we rejoiced in its brightness; but in an untold instant it departed to that mysterious dwelling, whither no incantation can follow it, and from whence it will not appear "till the heavens be no more!"

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How fearful and admonitory are the eventful incidents of a single year! The landscape of life may be verdant and sunlit, and teeming with the fairest flowers of creation, and giving promise of a perennial endurance, but He, "who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind," may raise the whirlwind, and in a moment transform smiling gardens into desert places. How impressively and mournfully has the illustration been enforced in the melancholy instance of our friend! A twelvemonth since, and Powell, in the

full bloom of early manhood and in the beaming aspirations of young ambition, stood on this forum, eloquent in voice and eye, before us. A twelvemonth since, and Powell was publicly enrolled among the distinguished sons of his Alma Mater. A twelvemonth since, and his joyous voice bade adieu to the admiring comrades who for years had been his attached associates, and who, in the dissolution of their collegiate league, and in a distribution to their respective destinations, bore off a prized and affectionate memory of Union's favorite.

And where is he now? What is this mournful echo that falls upon our ear? The solemn answer startles—it is a response of the death knell—it is a dank and mysterious voice from the grave!

Powell paid a final farewell to the scenes of his collegiate life, and, spending a few days with his maternal parent at the Waters at Saratoga, was

soon after grouped with his happy friends and relatives on one of the fleet steamers that traverse the noble Hudson. Then we saw him for the last time. Then, and it seems but yesterday, his converse, as ever delightful, was never invested with more attractive charms; his frank, gladdening, and sonorous laugh never sounded more musically; and the eyes that are now dimmed with tears, never looked upon him with brighter glances of gratified pride; and the hearts that are now wrung with affliction, never bounded with purer sympathetic joy. Then, as we parted at the wharf of his native town, came the grasp of the hand;—it was our last—the seal of an unwavering college friendship—a compact of holy attachment sealed by Death, which we shall preserve unbroken to our final reunion with him.

He returned to the home of his infancy to prepare for the varied avocations of the future. He returned to the home of whose comforts years of

diligent study had deprived him—to the home that domestic afflictions had sorely saddened. He was restored to the parents who had submissively endured the past, and who now rejoiced in the brilliant promise, in the manly and virtuous character, in the noble and cherished affection of their gifted son. His paternal mansion, elevated upon an eminence which is laved at its base by the mighty Hudson, commanding at the North and the South the richest scenery of this famed river, embracing clustering villages, champagne fields, and towering hills, comprising in the circuit of its prospect, hallowed soil, consecrated by the events of the Revolution—this mansion was now illumined by the smiles of his most beloved kindred. His bosom swelled with the richest emotion this temporal world can know. He was happy—for who loved him not? He was happy—for what endearments that affection could suggest were not lavishly bestowed? He viewed a glorious future—for what situation that

The Homestead of Thomas Powell Esq.r Newburgh

talents could control, or what advantages that depend upon the potent arm of wealth, were not his own? Delusive hopes! The canker blighteth where beauty seems the fairest; the icy finger of Death withers with its palsying touch, suddenly and fearfully, when the dreaded angel of our fate seems farthest removed.

After a month's residence at home, Powell, intending to be absent a few days only, was on his way to the North, on board of one of the Safety Barges of the Hudson. The steamer and the barge, its consort, were floating gaily onward, the sun high in the heavens was shining brightly, and the placid stream was scarcely rippled in the silence of the hushed elements. But quickly as the lightning's flash, was the deceitful calm broken.

The day closed in of calm promise, and the night set in with serene stillness. The boat and barge, as if conscious of their sentient burden,

were quietly stealing along their devious track, hasting to the goal of their lonely race, when, like the most potent beast of nature's deserts, howling to paralyze rather than to warn, the WHITE SQUALL of the Highlands descended on its living prey, mad to blindness of its destructive impulses, and utterly deaf to the cry of suffering which makes itself audible even on the careering wings of the tempests.

One only victim fell a sacrifice to the fury of the storm-king; but for *him*, the tornado, though in an instant it was far away among its mountain peaks and caverns, had changed the noiseless, starlit firmament of that peaceful night, from an infinitely beautiful canopy of breathing repose, to an eternal shroud of darkness and death!

The intervention of mysterious agencies is very generally repudiated in this enlightened age, and

the confidence reposed in them by Napoleon, Bernadotte, and others equally celebrated, has not sanctioned or sustained palpable absurdities. Powell was in no way affected by taint of superstition, yet he was controlled by a presentiment of which he could not divest himself, and which has been realized by a too fatal coincidence of fact. In moments of quiet conversation among his most intimate friends, he would occasionally allude to the existing impression on his mind, that his earthly career would soon be terminated, and that, too, by some violent casualty. This impression, as he admitted, was very naturally connected with the disastrous fate of his two uncles, whose names he bore, and whose memory was treasured up in the bosom of his family circle. The one, James Powell, a paternal uncle, was doomed, like his nephew, in early life to a premature death by drowning. The other, Augustus Ludlow, a maternal uncle, from whom he received his second name,

enrolled himself, in the infancy of our Navy, among those

> " Whose march is on the mountain wave,
> Whose home is on the deep ;"

And at the commencement of a brilliant reputation, while valiantly contending side by side with the gallant Lawrence against the foes of his country, young Ludlow perilled and lost his life, as did his lamented commander, in the desperate but hapless struggle of the Chesapeake.

The names of his kindred were his ; *their* sudden death he fancied *his* inheritance, and they rested on his inmost thoughts as a dreaded incubus, until the waters swept over him, and his sacred remains were wept over in the sanctuary of the dead, in the burial-place of the town of his nativity.

That the good and the young are gathered early to the holy dwelling of Omnipotence, is one of the mysteries of universal experience. If the blossoms of youth are putting forth with peculiar freshness and sweetness, popular sentiment immediately decides that the promising and vigorous fruit is stung to the heart, and that an unseen decay will be soon displayed in irremediable blight and death. To be amiable and virtuous—is it to be fated? Oh, eternal justice! is it thy demand that these most precious creations shall be placed before us as models for our observance, or that our tempers shall be tested by harrowing our hearts and suddenly wresting from our dearest affections the objects whose expanded and priceless virtues we had just learned to feel! Is it so necessary that the valueless profligate shall run a long career of luxurious and sinful indulgence, destroying domestic peace, despoiling and plundering the purest treasures of earth, and dishonoring the image in which he was created, while the good

and useful shall sink, ere their propitious race is fairly begun? Must then

> "The good die first,
> And they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket?"

Christian philosophy only can reconcile these mysterious ordinations of the Creator, which the astute reason or profound wisdom of our humanity converts into unnecessary tribulation and heart-rending caprice. But, "the wisdom of God passeth all understanding." The excellent and young represent the oases of life's desert; their opposites, its desolate places. The purity of the former is coveted by the angels of heaven; the odiousness of the latter is repelled by the demons of hell. They form the two extremes of moral qualifications: and from the craggy mountain-top to the silvery stream of the valley, the various tints and shades are seen to blend, to the

perfection of a beautiful landscape — the ideal of mortal man, whose faults are so merged in his virtues, that he is pronounced worthy the guerdon of celestial beatitude.

But the fate of the young has not attracted modern sympathy alone; it has elicited the sigh and the tear in the classic and olden time; poesy and minstrelsy have been aroused by the shroud and the pall of departed innocence. What the world has felt from early time to this, our day, of mourning, is comprised in the pertinent maxim of the ancients:

"Whom the gods love, die young."

The melancholy demise of our companion, independent of the grief and distress of his friends, has excited the attention of those who heard of him only to hear his praise. The question by

them has been put and reiterated: Was Powell a Christian?

Powell was not a communicant in any Christian congregation; but a purer spirit ne'er winged its way to the throne of the Almighty. If he be not at the right hand of God, then let the brightest example in this assembly tremble. His entire life was a tablet, on which *no sin* could be found traced. He was a Christian at heart, he was a Christian in his acts. Truly, he was not of those who "love to pray standing in the synagogues, and on the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men;" but in the privacy of his closet, he was wont to invoke the blessing and guidance of HIM who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

Shortly after his graduation he manifested an unusual seriousness on religious topics; and the

energetic discourses of the talented Saurin, which formed his favorite reading during the leisure hours of college life, were now re-perused with most earnest attention. His thoughts were evidently turned toward that kingdom, where the immortal soul acquires an eternal dwelling. His views, in this respect, were one day suddenly evolved in family conversation, when requested by one of its members to become a physician. His answer was as solemn as unexpected—"I trust I may become a Doctor, but, by the blessing of God, a Doctor of Divinity."

Since his decease, in looking over some of the volumes of his library, I accidentally found the classical production of our President, on the death of Hamilton. Powell's annotations, are frequent, but the broad dash of his pencil against some of the closing remarks, show that his mind was combating the suggestions of the infidel, and rest-

ing with fervor on the hopes of the disciple of the Lord.

Of Powell's promise much can interest the reflections of those who knew him best; but, though standing here as one who knew him *well*, perhaps better than ever he knew other being in this world, your speaker must shrink from the too delicate task.

Who can measure the mighty value, the imperial influences of a gifted, enlightened, and virtuous member of a republican community!

We would not, could not associate his future splendor, with the restorers of trembling empires, or the heroes of convulsing conflicts.

But we can claim that Powell was one of the prospective conservators of the hallowed in-

stitutions purchased for us by the blood of the patriots of American history.

Is there a Christian patriot in this assembly? Let him mourn one incomplete pillar of his country's moral greatness and political glory!

Is there a philanthropist here? He will lament the untimely fate of one who sighed from his inmost soul for the abbreviation of human misery, and who made glad the heart of the child of wo with a brother's affection and charity.

A father, who has reared the brightest expectations on the evident promise of a beloved son —a son to whom he looked forward as the prop of his declining years? He can feel for one whose paternal hope, long and most fondly cherished has been irretrievably riven.

A mother, whose watchful nights and anxious days are endeared to her memory by maturing filial affection, confidence and bliss? She can weep with a mother, who, after twenty years of prayerful solicitude and varying hope, beheld at last, in the spotless pride of a mother's bosom, a noble son, beloved by his fellow-citizens, and honored of his associates, step forth on the threshold of life with the elasticity, dignity and promise of a man—but whose fond, fervid gaze, now petrified, fixes on wan, sleepless vacuity—whose boy sank in cold death without bestowing one monitory farewell, one kiss of affection and eternal remembrance on the guardian of his cradle, the guide of his youth, the loved mother of his inmost heart!

A sister, whose affectionate heart leans on a loved brother, separated from her by distance and time, for future and unfading happiness; and who calls up with his image the memory of a thousand instances of kindness, and ten thousand joys, passed,

and hoped for? Let her sympathize with one who feels an aching void of hallowed but helpless mourning, for a brother whom no earthly mutation can restore to her;—who is compelled to bid a long adieu to the fondest anticipations of a sister's heart. Let brothers condole with the fraternal companions of his days of pleasure, and participants of his hours of sorrow, united to him by affection's strongest ties.

Friends of Powell! you knew him: you can bear testimony to the virtues I have enumerated, to his talents, and to the social qualities of his excellent heart. You have sorrowed o'er his decease! You love and respect his memory! Offer then the tear of condolence to his bereaved parents, sister, brothers and kindred; and may Heaven to our latest moments perpetuate the heart requiem of this most solemn occasion!

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT RENDERED

TO

James A. Powell.

I.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE DELPHIAN INSTITUTE.

When the students of Union College were again gathered to the bosom of their Alma Mater, on the completion of the Autumnal Vacation, the solemn news of Powell's demise was rapidly circulated, and a spontaneous burst of grief too well told the deep and impressive calamity. The DELPHIAN INSTITUTE, a Society of which he had been Member and President, immediately convened, and the following transcript from its minutes illustrates the feelings which the melancholy occasion elicited.

"DELPHIAN INSTITUTE—UNION COLLEGE.

"*Society Hall, Sept. 22d,* 1828.

"By order of the President a special meeting was called, for the purpose of expressing our respect for the memory of Mr. JAMES A. POWELL,

who, on his passage from Newburgh to Saratoga Springs, fell overboard from the Steamboat 'Commerce,' on the evening of the First of September, near Poughkeepsie, and was drowned.

"On motion of Mr. Grant,

"'*Resolved:* That a Committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting. Messrs. Eaton, Fairchild, and Grant were appointed said Committee.'

"Mr. Fairchild, from the Committee, reported the following Preamble and Resolutions:

"'Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove by death, Mr. JAMES A. POWELL, a Member of this Society, therefore

"'*Resolved:* That we feel unfeigned sorrow in this melancholy event, and sincerely condole with the parents of the deceased, in the loss of a son

alike respected by us for his talents and beloved for his many amiable qualities.

"'*Resolved:* That, in testimony of our regard for the deceased, the Members of this Society will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm, for thirty days.

"'*Resolved:* That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the parents of him whose loss we deplore.'

"The above resolutions were carried unanimously; and the Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of them to the parents of Mr. Powell.

"Adjourned,

"HENRY R. MYGATT,

SECRETARY PRO TEM."

In compliance with the action of the Society, the President and Secretary addressed the following letter to Mr. Powell, the father of James.

"UNION COLLEGE,

"*Schenectady, September 22d*, 1828.

"MR. THOMAS POWELL,

"SIR :—

"The news of the melancholy fate of your departed son sank deep into our hearts; none heard it but with a sigh, and every heart was awakened to sympathy. Each felt his own dependence on an Almighty and Providential Power, while he thought that POWELL, the young, the healthy, and the amiable POWELL, had come to an untimely end, and now lay mouldering beneath the sod. But if we, who were acquainted with him only for a time, felt so much for his loss, what must be the heart-rendings of a parent! There is some consolation in reflecting on the virtues of the deceased, and also

in knowing that others join in our grief; and from this consideration a special meeting of the Delphian Institute was called this day at one o'clock, when the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted."

[The preamble and resolutions are the same as recorded in the transactions of the Society, which are to be found on the third page previous.]

"PHILIP H. ECHOLS,

PRESIDENT.

"HENRY R. MYGATT,

SECRETARY."

DELPHIAN INSTITUTE,

Oct. 11*th*, 1828.

At a meeting of the Society, the following letter which had been received from Thomas Powell, Esq., of Newburgh, in reply to one transmitted to him by order of the Institute, was read.

"*Newburgh, Oct. 5th,* 1828.

"MESSRS. P. H. ECHOLS AND
H. R. MYGATT.

"GENTLEMEN:

"I received your kind letter of the 22d September, with your personal expressions of sympathy for me and my afflicted family, together with the resolutions of the Delphian Institute, paying a tribute of respect to the memory of my departed son. For the moment these but add bitterness to the cup of affliction, in persuading us more fully of the worth of him we have lost. But, when grief shall have exhausted the fount of tears, it will be a source of perpetual consolation and joy to us, to believe that he has left a character so much admired and esteemed by those who knew him in his daily walks, as to be thus remembered, lamented and honored in his death. Life, to most of us, for the present, seems to possess but little or no enjoyment; we have it in anticipation; and when we have

measured the pleasures of luxury and wealth the mind is not the more satisfied. So with us — we looked upon this son as the flower from which to distil the happiness of our declining years, and it has faded — the wind has destroyed it before the meridian sun had warmed it fully into blossom. Thus have perished our brightest expectations : we can only console ourselves with the belief that his fate was directed by the hand of a wise Providence, and that it must of necessity have been rightly ordained. I cannot sufficiently express to you and the gentlemen whom you represent in your letter, the gratitude which I feel, in common with my family, for the feelings which you have kindly mingled with ours, in this hour of affliction; they will be sweet to our recollection while we live, and we believe and trust that a virtuous sympathy will bear to you severally its own reward. I shall experience no greater pleasure than to welcome to my house and its comforts, each of you,

and those friends who kindly remember my son. In closing this letter, I beg you will accept for yourselves and communicate to the Society my warmest sentiments of

"Respect and esteem,

"THOMAS POWELL."

At the same meeting, on motion of John T. Bowie, it was

"*Resolved:* That the Delphian Institute erect a MONUMENT to the memory of JAMES A. POWELL, and that a Committee of three be appointed to procure the same, and to superintend its erection."

October 14*th*, 1828.

At a meeting of the Institute, on motion of Mr. Eaton, it was

"*Resolved:* That an Orator be appointed to deliver an Eulogy on Mr. Powell, deceased.

"A. Gerald Hull was unanimously elected Eulogist."

II.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALUMNI OF THE DELPHIAN INSTITUTE, IN NEW YORK.

To another class of friends, those who had closed their collegiate career with our Powell, came the melancholy tidings of his sudden death. They had parted with this much favored companion of their college life but a brief time before, amid the festivities of the Commencement Day, had exchanged the earnest courtesies of a joyous and happy occasion and had arranged many a plan of united action for the future, in this and foreign climes. They were now awakened by the startling arrest of his earthly career! The Alumni of the Delphian Institute, all personal associates of the deceased, immediately assembled, and, after expressing many heartfelt tributes to his memory, took the following steps to perpetuate the sentiments awakened by the sad event:

"*New York, January* 1st, 1829.

"In consequence of the death of James A. Powell, his Collegiate 'Graduate' friends, Members of the Delphian Institute, were convened in this city. Benjamin Burroughs, Jr., was elected Chairman, and A. Gerald Hull, Secretary.

"The intention of the meeting being declared, a Committee, consisting of Messrs. A. Gerald Hull and Minthorne Tompkins, was appointed to draw resolutions expressive of the sentiments of those assembled. The following preamble and resolutions were subsequently reported and unanimously adopted:

"'Whereas, an afflicting and inscrutable decree of Providence has removed our late brother, James A. Powell, who, while connected to us by the double tie of collegian and friend, won our highest respect and admiration for a gentle nobleness of character, unsullied virtue and exalted generosity—

who elicited our earnest love for the social qualities of his heart, characterized, as they were, by a refined and distinctive delicacy of sentiment—who, during a long and intimate acquaintance, ever commanded our truly affectionate attachment—and who, in our remotest memory, will be blended with our strongest and most vivid recollections.

"'*Resolved:* That we deeply deplore the loss of our associate, as a public and private calamity —the pride and stay of his domestic circle, and one of the noblest representatives of the human race.

"'*Resolved:* That we sincerely sympathize with the parents and relatives in the terrible visitation which has removed from their embrace a devoted son and affectionate brother.

"'*Resolved:* As a memento of our abiding respect and affection, that we erect a CENOTAPH to the memory of JAMES AUGUSTUS POWELL.

"'*Resolved:* That this Cenotaph be erected on the monumental ground of Union College.

"'*Resolved:* That the Chairman, Mr. B. Burroughs, Jr., and Messrs. Daniel H. Tompkins and A. Gerald Hull constitute a committee to effect its erection.

"'*Resolved:* That this Committee co-operate with the Committee (Messrs. Bowie, Grant and Wilson) appointed for the same purpose, by the Students of Union College.

"'*Resolved:* That a copy of the minutes of this meeting be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

"BENJAMIN BURROUGHS, Jr.,

PRESIDENT.

"A. Gerald Hull,

SECRETARY."

III.

A correspondence was immediately established between the Committees at Union College and New York, and both unanimously decided on the erection of a Cenotaph after the design of the accompanying plate.

This Cenotaph, a model of chaste and classical architecture, was constructed of fine white marble, and in its unpretending sculpture offers a brief and summary history of the interesting subject it was raised to commemorate. It was erected during the summer of 1829, on the "Field of Monuments" which is within the extensive domain and not far from the principal edifices, of Union College.

There the solemn marble stands on hallowed ground, where both youth and mature age have left their sad memento. Associates, friends, and domestic kindred must feel in this consecrated spot, amid the richly checkered fields which environ the College Halls and embower the meandering Mohawk, that there the memory of the dead is most appropriately solemnized, most gratefully embalmed.

M. S.

Jacobi A. Powell,

QUI, CURSUM ACADEMICUM
IN COLLEGIO CONCORDIAE
CUM MULTO HONORE EMENSUS,
ET GRADUM IN ARTIBUS
PRIMUM ADEPTUS,
DECIMO DIE
ANTE KALENDAS AUGUSTI,
ANNO SACRO MDCCCXXVIII;
NEQUE HEBDOMADIS POST MULTIS
MATRE ALMA PROFECTUS
AD OCCUPATIONES AMICITIASQUE
REDIENS, A QUIBUS
AVOCAVERANT LITERARUM
STUDIA, ET DUM VITÆ
DIUTURNÆ, BEATÆ, UTILISQUE
SPEM LÆTAM FOVENS,
IN AQUIS HUDSONI PERIIT.

TRANSLATION.

Sacred to the memory of James Augustus Powell, who completed his academical studies in Union College, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 25th of July, 1828; and who, while cherishing the joyous hope of a long, happy and useful life, perished in the waters of the Hudson within a few weeks after having left his Alma Mater to enter those circles and avocations of life from which the pursuits of learning had for several years secluded him.

NATUS NEOBURGI

DIE UNDEC. ANT. NOVEM. KALEND.

MDCCCVIII,

DECESSIT SEPTEMBRIS KALEND.

MDCCCXXVIII,

ÆTATIS SUÆ XX.

TRANSLATION.

Born at Newburgh on the 22d of October, 1808, he died on the 1st of September, 1828, in the 20th year of his age.

ADOLESCENS PRÆSTANTE INGENIO PRAEDITUS:
PURIS MORIBUS: EXIMIA SUAVITATE:
INTEGRA PROBITATE: CORDE GENEROSO,
ET SUI COMMODI PARUM STUDIOSO:
PERMULTIS AMICIS, QUAMDIU VIVERET,
PERQUAM SE DEVINXERAT;
QUI ERGA ILLUM NUNC MORTUUM
CARITATEM INTIMAM,
ETSI PLENAM DOLORIS RETINERE
NUNQUAM DESINENT.

TRANSLATION.

A youth richly endowed with talent, of surpassing amiableness, pure morals, strict integrity, and of unsullied virtue; whose generous heart, seeking its own pleasures only in the happiness of others, constantly attached him whilst he lived to many ardent friends; who, filled with grief at his departure, can never cease to entertain the most intimate affection for his memory!

QUANQUAM RELIQUIÆ NEOBURGI JACENT,

H. M.

DELPHICAE INSTITUTIONIS SOCII,

CUJUS ILLE QUOQUE FUIT PARTICEPS,

QUO LOCO EXISTIMATIO COMPARATA FUIT

ET VIRTUTES EVOLUTÆ SUNT,

CONSTRUXERUNT.

TRANSLATION.

Although his remains are deposited at Newburgh, the members of the Delphian Institute, in the bosom of which his peculiar talents and character were developed, as a respected associate, have erected this monument here.

IV.

The following notices appeared in the neighboring newspapers, as spontaneous expressions of the feelings that adhered to the memory of our subject.

"FOR THE NEWBURGH GAZETTE.

"OBITUARY.—It may be permitted to a friend of his youth and a companion of his studies to pay his feeble tribute to the memory of Mr. JAMES A. POWELL, whose untimely decease has called forth the sincere regret of all who knew him. If it can infuse one drop of comfort into the bitter draught of mourning friends, to know that they have the sympathy of others—they have that sympathy, and their's is its comfort. It is for those who knew him most intimately, most deeply to feel his loss—and who so justly as his young compan-

ions? An unblemished reputation, amiablenes of character, affable manners, talents of a superior order, and collegiate distinction, had endeared him to his friends and acquaintances, and given promise, of future eminence. But the low and humble plant survives the fury of the blast which prostrates to the ground the tall and stately sapling—and brightest skies are soonest overclouded. The ways of Providence are often dark and inscrutable, for Death selects the choicest victims, inexorable to the hopes or tears of friends; and often, as if to infuse fresh bitterness into the cup of anguish, assumes new terror in the mode of his approach. He spares nor age, nor pleasure, nor beauty, nor hopes, nor promises, nor friendship; and it is for all of us to say with resolution to make good the purpose—

——————— 'Ibimus, ibimus

——————— 'Supremum

'Carpere iter Comites parati.'

MÆCENAS."

" COMMUNICATION.

" The melancholy fate of young Powell is a subject of general regret and enquiry. This dispensation of a wise Providence must be endured, although we can scarcely realize it. A father's hopes have been blasted in an instant, but who can imagine a mother's loss in a darling, and long to be remembered son. James had just graduated; the brightest ornament of a distinguished collegiate institution; having acquired, in addition to his literary attainments, the theory and scientific principles of military tactics. In an eminent degree did he shed a lustre upon the perfect consistency of a character identified with the purest morals and pretensions. His great expectations seemed not to have perverted his estimation of self. Modest and unassuming, domestic and useful, he appeared to blend the character of duty and propriety. A cheerful farewell of his doating family, and he left the halls of his

paternal roof, and where he had spent his happiest days, to return no more. He met an untimely death just as he had lost sight of his native hills, in the bosom of the majestic river he had so often contemplated with admiration. His spirit has fled. Youth and beauty must decay; but long and often will the recollection of his early fate flash upon us, to tinge our happiest moments with mournful memory.

F. Y."

" COMMUNICATED.

" Mr. Editor—I was recently much gratified by seeing a beautiful and striking monument, erected on the site appropriated to such purposes, near the south college, to the memory of the late JAMES A. POWELL. The public are well aware that Mr. Powell was graduated at Union College in 1828, and was accidentally drowned in the Hudson very shortly

after having completed his collegiate course; but they do not so well know how great a loss was sustained by his parents, numerous friends and country, in his premature death. The members of the Delphian Institute, to whom he was greatly endeared, and who could best appreciate his talents and many virtues, have expressed their respect for his memory, by erecting the monument to which I have alluded. This monument is highly creditable to their taste and attachment to Mr. Powell. It is made of fine marble. Its die bears upon its four sides appropriate inscriptions in Latin, and is surmounted by an obelisk.

"It has become too fashionable, of late, to discourage such memorials of respect and friendship, by saying that if the remembrance of one needs to be perpetuated by *marble*, it is not worthy of being rescued from oblivion. Now no friend of the lamented Powell, requires such aid from marble.

His memory is enshrined in their 'heart of hearts,' and will not be lost while life lasts. They have erected this monument only as a public expresssion of their sentiments, and for the general encouragement of virtue.

Z."

The Powells.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMILY

OF

JAMES A. POWELL.

Henry Powell, the grandfather of the subject of our eulogy, was the son of a Welsh gentleman, who emigrated with his family to this country, from Powellton, in Wales. They were descended from a long line of gentle ancestors, who conferred their name on their extensive domains at home, and in their translation to American shores founded a race that is now scattered over our broad continent. They established their first settlement on Long Island, where their name is not infrequently registered, during the troublous times of Indian warfare and Dutch rule, and is blended with the legends of that early period.

Mr. Powell's birthplace was the town of HEMPSTEAD, where he grew up and resided, inheriting a

valuable estate which he enjoyed until the convulsions of the American Revolution gave the occupation of the Island to the military forces of Great Britain. The tyranny of the minions of the English government was generally and mercilessly exercised at that period, causing broad lines of demarcation between loyal subjects and resolved freemen. The latter were involved in every form of persecution, and, as Mr. Powell fearlessly enrolled himself among the advocates of our Independence, he, in common with a few of his associates, found himself a selected victim for sacrifice at the royal altar. His ample fortune and elevated character exposed him to the keen rapacity and quick perceptions of his foes, and flattery, promises and threats were successively used to seduce a sound judgment, to pervert an incorruptible integrity and to vitiate a pure patriotism, that his example might deter the irresolute, and his means and influence advance the flickering prospects of their Royal Master. Insult and injury

followed threats—his estate was sacrificed—and a three years' personal infliction of the horrors of the "Jersey Prison Ship" and "Sugar House," exemplified the firmness of his adherence to the cause of American liberty. He was finally liberated, but deprived of everything but his native energies and good name.

Philosophy teaching by example, is a definition allotted to history by Lord Bolingbroke. A severer example was never submitted to the judgment of philosophy than the badly conceived and infamous exactions of England from her infant colonies. These were founded on the caprices of an extravagant sovereign, who would replenish his exhausted coffers from the industry of his faithful transatlantic subjects, who were as obedient to just requisitions as they were intractable to the voice of unjust coercion. The British king had looked with dissatisfied eye on the time-worn battlements of St. James, and

glancing over the verdant lawns that were spread before him, reared in imagination a splendid royal edifice on one of the beautiful sites of the Serpentine. The suggestions of his fancy were presented to the Commons, already desponding over a national bankruptcy, and were answered by the unwelcome intimations of an empty treasury. He directed their attention to the growing prosperity of America. The suppliant instruments of his silly ambition aroused the conflict which was fraught with unfortunate results for the grandeur of the parent land, emphatically noticed by one of her native bards:

> "True, we have lost an Empire—let it pass—
> *That* pick'd the jewel out of England's crown."

America was deservedly lost to the English crown, for no cause predicated of so exciting and ignoble origin should ever win success, and it should forever be a source of honorable pride to the descendants of Henry Powell, that the American

progenitor of their house acquired enrolment among the pure patriots who suffered and sacrificed all for opinion's sake.

In surveying the history of a family we naturally look to those circumstances which most exalt our subject, especially deeds of arms or diplomatic achievement. But in individualizing the career of Mr. Powell we find no field of blood or personal military prowess or master stroke of the Council Chamber, but a quiet unconceding progress of pure patriotism and a life devoted to the love of truth and the rights of man. As a member of the Society of Friends, he was opposed in principle to the shedding of man's blood, but like all the sincere friends of the great contest for American freedom he contributed influence and fortune to its successful furtherance, and acquired in return the vindictive exactions of bitter foes. He formed one of a class, though neither statesman nor warrior, that deserves a

rank with both. He was one of those that labored from the heart and struggled despite manacles and stripes, to evolve the pure spirit of Independence which has not given birth alone to millions of American freemen but has circulated impulses of human rights that are permeating the entire world.

If we retrace our steps to the revolting historical details of the "Jersey Prison Ship," what meed of honor should we confer on those patriots and martyrs who, stern and unbending in the hour of trial, iron-nerved, maintained their adhesion to their principles in the sea-girt dwelling that served alike as a dank prison and loathsome lazaretto for a crowded and diseased mass of human beings, pent up for cruelty and death! These men, doomed to this filthy imprisonment, "were," in the language of the accomplished Ramsey, "crowded together in such numbers, and their accommodations were so wretched, that diseases broke out, and swept them

off in a manner that was sufficient to excite compassion in the breasts of the least sensibility :" * * * * "Eleven thousand persons perished on board the *Jersey*, one of these Prison Ships." * * * * "On many of these the rites of sepulture were never but imperfectly performed."

Those who fought and triumphed have been garlanded with the wreaths of victory and renown, and their fame has been engrafted into the brightest memorials of American history. To those, then, who, like the subject of this sketch, furnished the sinews of *their* glory, and besides exposed health and life to the humiliating ordeal of such engines of torture as the "Prison Ships," let there be decreed, instead of Grecian or Roman chaplet, the undying gratitude of a whole nation, as to the most useful conservators of our present happy national edifice.

Mr. Powell, as we have before stated, was rescued from his tedious incarceration, and although penniless, the possession of an unsullied reputation enabled him to obtain with facility a lease of a part of Shelter Island. Here he followed the gentler pursuits of the "ploughshare and pruning-hook." Industry was again rewarded, his fields were again rich with the fruits of the earth, and his flocks were multiplied. Year after year his prosperity advanced, and the endearments of a growing family seemed to bring a more than ample interest for seasons of bitter trials and personal suffering. Three sons and four daughters were the result of a marriage with Miss Keen, a lady of Irish extraction, and a more happy home or more inviting hospitality could no where be found than at the Powell homestead of Shelter Island.

It was at this juncture, in the winter of 1781, that Mr. Powell gathered his usual array of saleable

stock for the New York market. Shelter Island is situated about half a mile from the main shore of Long Island, and the intercourse between the two was maintained by an ordinary sail-ferryboat. It was on board of this craft that Mr. Powell and his second son, James, embarked, after having previously sent the greater part of the stock before them. The sail was raised, and the rude vessel had half crossed the disturbed waters of the channel, when a sudden squall cast her on beams-end, sprinkling the waves with men and horses. Mr. Powell, who was a man of iron nerve, and untiring muscle, rapidly recovered from his immersion, and, favored by good fortune in mounting one of the struggling horses, strove in vain to discover his son. In mournful hopelessness he turned his steed towards the shore, which he might have safely gained, had not the feeble cry of Father! Father! been wafted on the gale to his anxious senses, when true to the parental instinct, he caught the summons, and again turned to the floating

wreck. The voice of one in agony was again heard, and the cry of "Father will you leave me," nerved anew the distracted parent. He saw his child clinging to the flapping sail, impelled onward by wind and wave, and beheld reflected in the mirror'd face of his doomed child, the eternal hope that rests on the saving arm of the parent. True to the hallowed ties that united him to his offspring he reached the sinking vessel—but all in vain—father and son at the same moment found a common sepulchre!

James Powell, one of "the young and the good," was thus bereft of life by drowning on the very threshhold of manhood. Those who remember him as a youth of high capacity, generous soul, and spotless purpose, perceive even in the lapse of years the same type of character and the same sad fate which have been so recently repeated in his nephew and *namesake.* The impression of this calamity on the nephew was never effaced, and the

ominous portent was borne with him to a like watery grave.

After the demise of Mr. Powell the widow and her family continued at Shelter Island, while the duties connected with the management of the farm, devolved upon and were assumed by the eldest son Jacob.

Jacob Powell was only sixteen years of age, when his manhood was called early into action; but faithfully and nobly did he honor his responsibility, and display that industry and virtue which in more distant times were spontaneously accorded him. The lease of Shelter Island finally expired, and their guide, with the spirit of enterprise of the days of the Revolution, sought for a new locality for rearing and sustaining the paternal name. Oyster Bay, New York, and Marlborough were successively essayed, and the last was selected as the theatre of a new vocation. A few crumbling lime-kilns mark the spot where

the wanderer, accompanied by his widowed mother, and associated with his brother Thomas, invested the avails of the family estate, and laid the foundation of the present opulence of his survivors. But ere long his mature judgment and discerning eye observed in the position of Newburgh village, a promising field for more extended operations. One solitary dock and storehouse had for a long time formed the only market of this village, and the tide-washed shore remained undisturbed by the creation of art. The House of the Brothers Powell, however, was soon made conspicuous, and the soundness of their mercantile name was well understood from Albany to New York. Whoever contrasts the past with the present, the single storehouse and dock with its steamers, sloops and storehouses—its population of a few dozens to its present multitudes of thousands—may trace back to find one of the main sources of its existing prosperity, the enterprise of Jacob and Thomas Powell. Jacob Powell, as did all the

members of his family, belonged to the Society of Friends, and in accordance with the usages of that body in earlier times, he led a life of great simplicity and peacefulness. In their maxims he founded a course of life creditable to himself, as it reflected honor on them, and whether he was considered as the safe financier, profound logician, or earnest philanthropist, the annals of Orange County will ever bear testimony in favor of one of her most useful adoptions. Having reached a standard of wealth, the most ambitious might aspire to, and just as he was preparing to relax his labors of more than half a century, he was seized with a cancerous growth on one side of his face. He was advised to the endurance of a painful operation, which terminated his career of usefulness, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His memory is treasured up as of one who might be justly called—

"AN HONEST MAN, THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

Thomas Powell, the father of the subject of our eulogy, was the partner of his brother Jacob. Partaking largely of the characteristic sagacity and forecast of his elder brother and partner, he had, besides, a most unusual share of administrative talent. The business of the firm embraced a great variety of enterprises, in addition to the concerns of a considerable Mercantile establishment at Newburgh. They early began to loan money, a difficult and hazardous occupation in a young country at all times, but especially so in this, during the troubles which preceded the embargo of 1808 and the war of 1812–16, and the severe revulsions which followed upon these events; they exported during the war to some extent for their own account; and they were selected by the Government, among numerous applicants, to build Fort Putnam at West Point, which they performed without abating in the least their usual full business activity.

In all of these laborious and responsible enterprises Thomas Powell was the administrative head; at once an expert engineer, a popular master of gangs, of artizans and laborers and an acute and thrifty contractor, he knew how to combine and arrange the various and diversified labors so that the details should be complete in proper time and due order.

As an illustration of Mr. Powell's executive talents, the erection of Fort Putnam may be mentioned; a work which, independent of the considerable fiscal resources it required, would seem to have demanded an arbitrary military control of the laborers and artizans employed in its construction. It is situated on a rocky acclivity, of exceedingly difficult access, some one-half or three-fourths of a mile up a precipitous ascent from the plain of the Military Academy. The ponderous materials were scattered wide over the adjacent country, and the

hundreds of tons of lime requisite to its construction, lay deep in its flinty quarries. He was at once engineer, architect, mason, lime-burner, laborer, sailor, and merchant; exhibiting almost ubiquity in each capacity, knowing well how to be present in the persons of his well chosen agents, when necessarily out of any particular field of action, and knowing well how to forecast each operation so as to be on the spot when there was a serious obstacle to be overcome or difficulty to be met. This great work was accomplished without an hour's delay, without a serious accident, and to the entire satisfaction of the Government.

As a citizen Mr. Powell has ever been earnestly attached to the institutions of the republic, warmly espousing her interests and honor as a member of the great family of nations, and sternly sustaining the hostile attitude she has on several occasions been compelled to assume since the War of the

Revolution, regardless of the disastrous influences such measures might exert on his pecuniary interests. In his political sentiments, national honor and national dignity have ever held the highest rank. As a merchant, Mr. Powell, like his brother Jacob, was ever a rigorous performer of all promises, as well the verbal as the written, the implied as the openly expressed; no man sought for other assurance or testimony, after the word of either brother was passed; and thus it happened that they could look for their warmest well wishers among their business associates, their employers, and even their unfortunate debtors.

This is much to say of one who has been actively and successfully engaged for nearly half a century, in the same social circle, in the various pursuits of barter and gain.

The time has not yet arrived when Mr. Powell's domestic and social character can be pourtrayed. How he has preserved spotless faith as a man, a husband, and a father; with what degree of hospitality he has entertained his friends, or with how little ostentation he has sustained them under reverses, and with what dignity and fortitude he has encountered his own crushing personal afflictions, can only with propriety be delineated when the GREAT SEAL shall close and exemplify his personal history.

POWELL FAMILY REGISTER.

HENRY POWELL—BORN 1741—AND MARY KEEN—BORN 1743—WERE MARRIED IN 1762.

- FREELOVE POWELL MARRIED JACOB PARISH.
  - HENRY
  - MARY
  - JAMES
  - NANCY
  - DANIEL
  - THOMAS
  - BENJAMIN
  - ELIZABETH
  - MARTHA.
- JACOB POWELL — DIED 1823.
- THOMAS POWELL MARRIED MARY LUDLOW.
  - HENRY
  - ROBERT
  - JAMES
  - JACOB
  - FRANCES.
- JAMES POWELL — DROWNED 1781.
- MARTHA POWELL MARRIED B. TOWNSEND.
  - BETSEY
  - MARY
  - JACOB
  - NANCY
  - BENJAMIN.
- ELIZA POWELL MARRIED WILLIAM SEYMOUR.
  - MARGARET
  - MARY.

The Ludlows.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMILY

OF

THE LUDLOWS.

The Ludlows, the maternal progenitors of James Powell, are descended from one of the most ancient families of England, the founder of their house being a Gentleman of the reign of Edward the Third, in 1350. Subsequently ennobled for acts of personal merit, and allied to some of the proudest names of English history, the descendants have been prominent actors in the varied convulsions which have at times shaken the British Isle to its centre; and from Plantaganet to Brunswick, whether under Lancaster or York, Tudor or Stewart, the Protectorate or Restoration, the cognizance of Ludlow was ever conspicuous in tented field and legislative hall. Indeed, the annals of history make more than ordinary mention of Edmund Ludlow, who, irrespective of

title or descent, breathed a spirit of pure patriotism and fearlessly contended during the troublous times of Cromwell's power, for the inalienable rights of man. Hostile to the Government of the first Charles, he was most active in effecting his overthrow, acquiring high renown as soldier and orator in the civil struggle of that bloody period. But Cromwell's aspirations to the dignity and influence of the Protectorate, awakened a most pointed opposition in this stern and inflexible republican, who, unsuccessful in his resistance, was ultimately compelled to submit to a virtual banishment during the life time of this wonderful man. The Restoration was not less vindictive in its memories, and this pure hearted man died in exile,* confessed by the judgment of history to have been firm and frank in the avowal of his republican principles, bold in their defence and free from the stain of fanaticism and hypocrisy.

* At Vevay, Switzerland, in 1693.

Robert Ludlow, the maternal grandfather of the subject of our eulogy, was descended from this distinguished family through Sir Henry, the father of Edmund Ludlow. His forefathers, possessed of the enterprising and industrial spirit of the last two centuries, were among the early emigrants to this rising country. Robert was a native of New York. He became a resident of the town of Newburgh in the year 1796, with the intention of completing some mercantile enterprises which he had previously projected at Warwick, a place too circumscribed for extensive operations in business. But Consumption, the dreaded scourge of our climate, prematurely secured her victim, and an excellent husband, affectionate father, and estimable citizen was numbered with the dead in the vigorous years of manhood.

His bereaved widow was left with an interesting inheritance of seven children. Of these, she has

witnessed her four daughters advanced to matrimonial alliances, in which they have honorably and reputably fulfilled the domestic relations of society; and she has reared three sons whom she dedicated to the naval service of their country.

Capt. Charles Ludlow, the eldest son, was enrolled a midshipman of the American Navy in May, 1798, and passed through the different grades of his profession with distinguished honor, until he attained the distinction he now bears, and which he held until imperative circumstances, in 1813, prompted him to tender his resignation.

About this period, the Secretary of the Navy, or a majority of the Cabinet, to serve the demands of a base party spirit, had in several instances aggrieved the feelings of our best officers, by elevating those of inferior rank above their seniors without warrantable reasons, and by answering

their appeals for redress with contumely. The records of our country afford evidences of shameful heartlessness in the correspondence of the gallant Lawrence with the official dignitary of the Navy, whose final and insulting answer to the former, had it been received previous to his sailing on a voyage fraught with the glorious capture of the British Brig Peacock, would have deprived the nation of that brilliant victory, and have driven this fated warrior from among her heroes. But the splendor of his achievement was responded to by the grateful acclaim of a whole nation, from the North to the South, and wrested from the Government a distinction which its sense of justice would have tardily awarded.

Captain Ludlow was rendered the recipient of a like indignity; the laurels of a well earned reputation and the high respect of his associates in arms were disregarded; and his honest appeal

for even handed justice was silenced by the stronger voice of political power. Personal respect indicated the only alternative a high minded man could adopt—retirement from a profession in the adornment of which he had consumed his best days, and to which he would have paid the homage of fealty with his life's blood. The clang of arms and martial watches were exchanged for the quietude and comforts of rural life, in which Captain Ludlow is still engaged, the possessor of a delightful residence on the banks of the Hudson, where he enjoys in all its fullness the *otium cum dignitate.*

Augustus C. Ludlow, the third son of Robert Ludlow, was born in Newburgh in 1792. Frank and chivalrous in his bearing, at a period when the clang of arms was the theme of the world, he very naturally coveted scenes of contest and glory. Most joyously therefore did he receive his

commission of Midshipman in the United States Navy in 1804, and most diligently, under the guardianship of his senior brother, Captain Ludlow, did he strive to accomplish himself in all the duties which would best qualify him for use and distinction in the service of his country. His qualities of head and heart were soon recognized by his comrades on board of the PRESIDENT, which ship, under the command of Commodore S. Barron, cruised in the Mediterranean for three years. In 1807, our Naval Force being ordered home, he was detached from the President to the CONSTITUTION, under the command of Captain Campbell, and subsequently of Captain Rogers. On board of this vessel he earned his Lieutenancy, and from it was transferred to the HORNET.

It was during this period of his history, that young Ludlow displayed those admirable traits of character, which irresistably won the affection and

esteem of the gallant Lawrence whose fate became so intimately blended with his own. In the language of Judge Story, "his exemplary conduct and strict sense of honor while yet a midshipman, gave him a deserved preference among the officers, and he was generally distinguished by some mark of favor, such as Captain's Aid. He had served a long time with Captain Lawrence, and it was the perfect knowledge of Ludlow's worth, that induced him to continue his young friend as his first lieutenant in the CHESAPEAKE." To the praise of this distinguished eulogist may be added the concurring voices of all who ever knew him, and who found him ever impetuous and noble in his impulses, honorable to a fault, generous to his foes, and brave in the midst of danger and death.

The disastrous engagement of the Chesapeake and Shannon in 1813, is familiar to all readers of American history, and the name of Ludlow has been

often repeated as one of the brave sharers of that desperate conflict. It being the memorable epoch of his life, a meagre outline of the fight so far as it concerns his personal prowess, has been collated from the sketches of the day.

Captain Lawrence having received a challenge from the Commander of the Shannon, resolved in the true spirit of chivalry promptly to respond to the summons, although his ship, as the sequel proved, was too hastily urged into the struggle. His first Lieutenant being ill, he selected his favorite and friend Ludlow, to supply his place, knowing full well his heroism and devotion.

On the first of June, the Chesapeake was unmoored from her berth in President's Roads, and favored by a light breeze, advanced proudly on toward the open sea. The Shannon was quickly perceived in the offing, and as quickly were the

arrangements of the Chesapeake effected to contend fruitlessly, in all the inspiration of recent American triumphs, for a fresh laurel of victory. Cleared for action, both vessels were skilfully maneuvered by their watchful commanders, steadily acquiring a fearful proximity until an exchange of tremendous broadsides indicated the commencement of the bloody contest. Broadside followed broadside, most disastrously for the American ship; officers and men strewed her decks; the Sailing Master and three successive helmsmen were shot from their posts, and, almost unguided, her anchor became entangled in one of the after ports of the Shannon, thus opening her upper decks to the raking, sweeping fire of the enemy's guns. It was during this scene of carnage, that young Ludlow, who, from the first instant, was alive to the highest feats of valor, was borne away severely wounded. Scarcely removed, Captain Lawrence summoned his boarders to repel a band of the Shannon's men that were

about springing on his decks, and fell mortally wounded. But in the midst of death this gallant commander perceived the peril of his position, and with the indomitable spirit of a true soldier, uttered the memorable words that have been echoed through our Country—"Don't Surrender the Ship!"

As Lawrence was borne below, the fainting Ludlow saw his beloved friend and superior officer weltering in blood, and heard his firm, dying mandate—"Don't Surrender the Ship!" Aroused thus to the deep peril of the fated vessel, and awakened alike by the appeal of fame and the passion of vengeance, Ludlow at once inspired with new energies, and overbearing all resistance, rushed forward with half-stanched wounds into the hottest of the conflict.

The struggle was desperate; the Captain of the Shannon had pushed his boarders on the decks

of the Chesapeake, and with the elation of certain victory, they were making fearful havoc among the unofficered but bravely resisting sailors, as Ludlow bounded onward "to the rescue." All that human valor could achieve—all that love of country could arouse—all that personal love could inspire, seemed centered in the superhuman efforts of this lion-hearted seaman. All in vain. A sabre cut on the head, from one of his foes, laid him senseless on the deck, almost at the same moment that his friend Lawrence was directing the Surgeon to urge his officers to fight to the last, and never to strike the Colors, faintly uttering his last words — "They shall wave while I live!"

But superior force and good fortune triumphed over the most valiant resistance, and the "Stripes and Stars" were stricken down by the victors' right.

Washington Irving says of this contest:

"Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind and water, and, consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake."

The brave Lawrence was wrapped in the colors of his Chesapeake, which was taken into

Halifax as a prize. Here his remains received a soldier's burial, amid the highest military and naval honors. But among the respectful cortege of sympathizing officers and citizens, there was one solitary mourner that followed his beloved commander with tearless eye and bleeding heart. The twice wounded Ludlow, after being trephined in Halifax, so far rallied on the day of his commander's funeral, that no solicitations could detain him from rendering the last homage to his friend. He returned to his room, exhausted by the effort and the sad memory of the past, and fell from his couch and was seized with a delirious fever which closed his mortal career.

The citizens of Salem on learning the disastrous issue of this naval battle, forwarded a flag of truce to Halifax, and procured the bodies of Lawrence and Ludlow, which were entombed in Salem with all the ceremonials that an afflicted

community could offer to the memory of two of the nation's most gallant officers.

"*Salem, August* 24, 1813.

"Yesterday were entombed in this town, with the greatest respect, the remains of the lamented Captain James Lawrence and Lieutenant Augustus C. Ludlow. The ceremonies were conducted according to the published arrangements. The scene was solemn and impressive. Business was suspended, and the whole town was crowded, either to perform or to witness the funeral honors to the fallen *heroes*. About noon the bodies were removed from the Cartel Henry, manned by sailors in uniform, rowing minute strokes; the Cartel Brig, and the United States Brig of War Rattle-Snake, Captain Creighton, firing minute guns, during their passage. At one o'clock the procession, consisting of the officers of the United States Navy and Army, the clergy of all demoninations,

the different corporate bodies, the several marine societies, together with citizens and strangers from Boston and the vicinity, moved under the escort of the elegant company of Light Infantry, commanded by Captain J. C. King.* Minute guns were fired during the whole procession by the Salem Artillery, under Captain Peabody, which was stationed on Washington Square. The movement was deeply impressive. The sides of the streets were crowded, and the windows were filled with spectators; many were on the tops of houses. The tolling of the deep-toned bells — the solemn melody of the music — the slow and melancholy-inspiring pace of the procession — the appearance of the sable coffins with their accompaniments — and the awe-striking report of the minute guns,

* Captains Hull, Stewart, Bainbridge, Blakely, Creighton and Parker, and Lieutenants Ballard and Wilkinson officiated as pall-bearers.

rendered the whole a scene of solemn wo. Two hours elapsed while the procession was moving to the Church; and the multitude was so great, that a small part only could be accommodated to hear the Eulogy by the Hon. Judge Story. After the orator had concluded, the bodies were entombed with the customary military and masonic ceremonies. The Church was shrouded in the sable habiliments of wo, and the sacred services of Religion, and the music, were appropriate. During the day, our own as well as the neutral vessels in the harbor, wore their colors at half mast."

In New York the same ceremonials were repeated by her mourning population, and the remains of Lawrence and Ludlow were consigned to a tomb in Trinity Church.

"Yesterday the bodies of our lamented heroes Lawrence and Ludlow were committed to the tomb

in Trinity Church, and their obsequies were performed, in pursuance of previous arrangements made by the Common Council, as had been previously announced. The bodies were brought from the Navy Yard in two barges, rowed by fourteen seamen dressed in white with appropriate badges, and deposited at the Battery, where a procession was formed, which proceeded through a considerable length of the two principal streets in the city till it arrived at Trinity Church, where, previous to the interment, the service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Howe, and elegiac verses composed for the occasion by Francis Arden, Esquire, sung by the choir. During the procession, which was accompanied with mournful music, the bells tolled, and minute guns were fired from the Battery and Navy Yard, while all the vessels in the harbor displayed their colors at half mast. The scene was solemn and affecting, and the procession was perhaps the longest ever witnessed here, if

we except that melancholy, heart-rending occasion, when a whole city filled the streets to evince its grief and testify its last respects to the relics of General Hamilton."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

All that we would further say of Ludlow, we extract from the eloquent eulogy pronounced on Lawrence and Ludlow, by the Hon. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, at the request of the citizens of Salem:

"Nor can we forget the gay, the gallant and noble-hearted Ludlow. Though the history of his life be short, yet it can never be uninteresting to those, whose hearts beat high with the love of their country.

"Scarcely was he twenty-one years of age, when, like the blooming Euryalus, he accompanied

his beloved commander to battle. Never could it have been more truly said—

'His amor unus pariterque in bella ruebant.'*

He was indeed worthy of the confidence and friendship of LAWRENCE. His soul was formed for deeds of active valor and martial enterprise. In the mild engagements of peace, it softened into the most attractive suavity of manners, and wore the most benignant form of honor. In the tumults of war, it glowed with an ambition for naval excellence, which electerized every movement and awakened the whole energies of his genius.

"Had he lived, his name would have attained the same historic elevation as those of our first commanders — the Van Tromp's and the Nelson's

* "Their love was one, as one they rush'd to war."

of the age. Cut off in the blossom of his days, while the purple graces of youth yet clustered round his form, he has left us to pour our unavailing sorrows to his memory—

> 'His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
> Munere.'

"Peace be to the spirits of the mighty dead—they fell covered with honorable wounds in the cause of their country. What death could be more truly enviable? What death could be more truly exalted? The gratitude of millions has already consecrated their memories. The poetry and the eloquence of future ages shall celebrate their deeds, and hymn their requiems.

"While, therefore, we pay our last lingering farewell to these hallowed remains, we mourn not as those without hope. The bodies of these heroes may moulder away, and become indistinguishable

from the common mass of mortality; but their spirits, we trust, shall repose in the bosom of heaven; and their fame, their spotless fame, shall perish but with the country of their birth, in that dread day when

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
> Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind them."

POETICAL NOTICES.

"DIED at Halifax, on the 13th of June, Lieut. AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, second in command on board the Chesapeake Frigate, aged 21, of the wounds he received in the action with the Shannon. His remains were entombed, with every mark of military distinction, which a generous enemy could bestow on a gallant youth, who fell in defending his country's flag.

"Blest youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aerial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd:
Whilst Honor, bathed in tears, shall rove,
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.

"The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest."

ON THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW.

"Great spirit of the mighty dead,
Descend a while and linger here,
And tears, which love and pity shed,
Shall fall, to grace a hero's bier.

"To thee, thy foes could not refuse
The meed to valor justly due,
Nor shall an humble, lowly muse,
Forget to praise a patriot true.

"What, though no friend, nor kindred dear,
To grace his obsequies, attend;
The foemen are his brothers here;—
And every hero is his friend."

HALIFAX.

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW.

(FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.)

"The battle's ceas'd — the scene is o'er;
The cannon's voice is heard no more;
A solemn silence reigns around,
Save but the dying's awful sound:
Pale ev'ning sheds her silent gloom —
It wakes for many to the tomb.
The moon is seen in baleful light
To hover near the bloody sight;
Well may it linger o'er the deep,
For worth and valor there do sleep:
Brave Lawrence fell! and White! — and there
Brave Ludlow found an early bier.
Warm was his Heart! with feeling fir'd,
With manly love and worth inspir'd;
In manners and affection free,
Nor bold, but mark'd with modesty.
In peace the warmest friend, in war
Was bold! In danger, foremost there!
Such from earliest days was He,
Warm, good, affectionate and free.
I knew him well, his loss deplore,
Whose reign of glory now is o'er.

Ludlow! still to memory true,
Reflection's hour shall turn to you!
Shall dwell upon our earthly years,
When boyhood pictur'd hopes and fears;
When oft we rang'd the meadows o'er,
Delighted gaz'd at Nature's pow'r—
Scann'd the rude tree, the lovely flow'r,
And more delighted hail'd each hour—
Or, when we swam the vernal flood,
Or on the margin, musing, stood—
Or spake of some lov'd maid, whose heart
The noblest feelings could impart—
Or dwelt upon some tale of wo,
That caus'd our youthful tears to flow—
Or turn'd to idle fiction's lay—
And either praise or censure pay.
Thus have we pass'd life's varied day:
Cheerless and hopeful, sad and gay.
Friend of my soul! these scenes are o'er,
And we shall meet on earth no more.
But when that hour, decreed by fate,
Shall call me to a future state,
United we again shall be,
And own more pure felicity.
Until that hour, lov'd friend, adieu!
Thy virtues great!—thy faults were few.

Robert Crommeline Ludlow, the second son of Robert Ludlow, was born in Warwick, in 1787. He was engaged for a number of years in mercantile pursuits, in New York, sustaining a high reputation for integrity of purpose and honorable bearing. The yellow fever robbed him of his senior partner, and, in consequence, the organization of his house was broken up. At that juncture the country was aroused to its decisive struggle with Great Britain. His brothers in the Navy, himself charged with an instinctive chivalry, and awake to the burning patriotism that then fired every true American, he determined, in preference to a re-embarkation in the then existing uncertainties of business, to accept the post of Purser in the United States Navy.

It was his good fortune to be associated with his personal friend, Captain Bainbridge, on board of the Frigate CONSTITUTION, and to participate with his gallant commander in one of the most brilliant naval

actions of that period. The electrical thrill of exultation that was felt throughout the land after the triumph of Captain Hull, in the combat of the CONSTITUTION and GUERRIERE, had not subsided, when the startling intelligence was joyfully announced of another victory on the sea! Captain Bainbridge, in the same noble vessel—the CONSTITUTION—captured the British Frigate JAVA, and the talisman of English supremacy on the ocean was again vitally shattered. To his chosen friend, Ludlow, did Captain Bainbridge confide the pleasing duty of hastening to Washington, to communicate to Congress, and thence to the nation, the intelligence of this cheering event.

Mr. Ludlow, whose business qualifications rendered him eminently suited to the department in the Navy to which he had been appointed, continued faithful to his trust up to the period of his demise, in 1826.

An accomplished gentleman, benevolent in his impulses, and earnest in his social sympathies, he was the courted favorite of the mess and the admired ornament of the domestic circle. As father, brother, and friend, his memory will be cherished by those who knew him well, while honor, virtue, and affection continue to be regarded among the cardinal elements of a truly noble man.

LUDLOW FAMILY REGISTER.

William Ludlow, Esq.
Reign of Edward III., 1350.

Mary Ludlow
married
Sir Richard Scrope,
Son of Lord Scrope,
Brother of Earl of Wilts.

After intermediate descendants,
William Ludlow, Esq., of Wilts.
George Ludlow, Esq.,
married
Edith, daughter of Lord Windsor.
Sir Edmund Ludlow, Bart.,
married
Mary, widow of Viscount Bindon,
son of Duke of Norfolk.

Edmund Ludlow;
his Son,
Gabriel Ludlow;
his Son,
Gabriel Ludlow,
Born, 1663.

M. Ludlow,
Born, 1666.

Edmund Ludlow,
the Regicide,
Born, 1620,
Died, 1693.

Sir Henry Ludlow, Bart., M.P.,
married
Lucretia, daughter of Lord Delawar.
Sir Henry Ludlow, Bart.,
married
Daughter of Rev. Bingham.

William Ludlow
married
Catharine, sister of James, first Earl of Courtown.

Alice Ludlow
married
Francis Bernard, Esq.

Arabella Ludlow
married
David Wilcox, Esq.

Elizabeth Ludlow
married
Chief Justice John Rogerson.

Frances Ludlow
married
Robert Leslie, Esq.

Sir Stephen Ludlow, Bart.,
married
Scuhard, a Welsh heiress.

Sir Peter Ludlow, Bart., M.P.,
married
Mary, daughter of John Preston, Esq., of Ardsalla; his heir,

Sir Peter Ludlow, Bart.

Sir Peter Ludlow, first Baron Ludlow, of Ardsalla, 1755, Viscount Preston, and Earl of Ludlow, 1760,
married
Frances, eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Scarborough; their son,

Augustus, Earl of Ludlow,
was succeeded by
Hon. Gen. Sir George James Ludlow, the present Peer, Baron of the United Kingdom.

His Son,
Gabriel Ludlow,
married
Sarah Hanmer;

their second Son,
Gabriel Ludlow,
married
E. Crommeline;

their second Son,
Robert Ludlow,
married
Elizabeth Conkling;

their Daughter,
Mary Ludlow,
married
Thomas Powell;

Their children,
Henry,
Robert,
James,
Jacob,
Frances.

Sir Edmund Ludlow, father of Sir Henry Ludlow, mentioned above as being lineally descended from William Ludlow, of Hill Deverell, married a second time, Margaret, relict of Viscount Bindon, second son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. Edmund Ludlow, their only son, was father of the first Gabriel Ludlow, who was father of the second Gabriel Ludlow, born in 1663, and M. Ludlow, born in 1666.

The eldest of these, Gabriel, arrived in New York, November 24, 1694, and married, in 1697, Sarah Hanmer, daughter of the first Episcopal clergyman in New York, who was lineally descended from Sir David Hanmer,* of Hanmer, in the county of Flint, one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Edward the Second. Gabriel, their third son, married a second time, Elizabeth Crommeline. Robert Ludlow, their son, married Elizabeth Conkling. Mary, their second daughter, married Thomas Powell.

* Of one of the family of the Hanmers (Sir Thomas Hanmer, fourth Baronet), who was chosen Speaker of the British House of Commons, in 1712, Dr. Johnson says:

"Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer filled the chair, and Anne the throne."

Edmund Ludlow, celebrated as a General of the Republican forces, and as a severe Judge of the first Charles—to whom allusion has been made in this volume—died at Vevay, in Switzerland. A traveller, describing the Protestant Cathedral of St. Martin, writes: "It was built in 1498. This church contains two monuments—one of Edmund Ludlow, one of the Judges who condemned Charles First of England, and the other of Andrew Broughton, who read his sentence of death. These men fled from England, and took refuge in Vevay, where they were protected by the Bernese; they were interred in this church."

Isaiah Townsend, Esq., of Albany, when in Vevay, transcribed the inscription (on the succeeding page) from the monument of Ludlow, which he has courteously transmitted to the writer; also the following:—

The house of Ludlow is still shown in Vevay. On its porch is inscribed:

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA EST, QUIA PATRIS.

SISTE GRADUM ET RESPICE.

HIC JACET

Edmundus Ludlow,

ANGLUS NATIONE, PROVINCIÆ WILTONENSIS,

FILIUS HENRICI EQUESTRIS ORDINIS, SENATORISQUE

PARLAMENTI,

CUJUS QUOQUE FUIT IPSE MEMBRUM,

PATRUM STEMMATE CLARUS ET NOBILIS,

VIRTUTE PROPRIA NOBILIOR,

RELIGIONE PROTESTANS ET INSIGNI PIETATE CORUSCUS,

ÆTATIS ANNO XXIII. TRIBUNUS MILITUM,

PAULO POST EXERCITUS PRÆTOR PRIMARIUS,

TUNC HIBERNICORUM DOMITOR,

IN PUGNA INTREPIDUS ET VITÆ PRODIGUS,

IN VICTORIA CLEMENS ET MANSUETUS,

PATRIÆ LIBERTATIS DEFENSOR,

ET POTESTATIS ARBITRARIÆ OPPUGNATOR ACERRIMUS,

CUJUS CAUSA

AB EADEM PATRIA XXXIII. ANNOS EXTORRIS

MELIORIQUE FORTUNA DIGNUS

APUD HELVETIOS SE RECESSIT,

IBIQUE ÆTATIS ANNO LXXIII. MORIENS

OMNIBUS SUI DESIDERIUM RELINQUENS

SEDES ÆTERNAS LÆTUS ADVOLAVIT.

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